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EVENING INSTITUTES

NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

COMPOSED FOR THE NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE MUSICAL FESTIVAL, OCTOBER, 1896.

SCENES FROM THE SAGA OF

KING OLAF

M 1533 .E43 533 1896

 ${\bf B} {\bf Y}$

H. W. LONGFELLOW

AND

H. A. ACWORTH, C.I.E.

SET TO MUSIC

FOR SOPRANO, TENOR, AND BASS SOLI, CHORUS, AND ORCHESTRA

 $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{Y}$

EDWARD ELGAR

(Op. 30).

(PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.).

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MADE IN ENGLAND.



KING OLAF.

INTRODUCTION.

SOLI AND CHORUS.

There is a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norroway,—
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that we now begin.

No. 1.—RECIT. (Bass).

Summon now the God of Thunder, Him who rives the heav'ns asunder, Sing the words of mighty Thor Challenging the world to war.

CHALLENGE OF THOR.

No. 2.—CHORUS.

I am the God Thor, I am the War God, I am the Thunderer! Here in my Northland, My fastness and fortress, Reign I for ever!

Here amid icebergs Rule I the nations; This is my hammer, Miölner the mighty; Giants and sorcerers Cannot withstand it!

There are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off;
This is my girdle;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled!

The light thou beholdest Stream through the heavens In flashes of crimson, Is but my red beard Blown by the night-wind, Affrighting the nations! Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder.
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake!

Force rules the world still, Has ruled it, shall rule it; Meekness is weakness, Strength is triumphant. Over the whole earth Still is it Thor's-Day. Thou art a God too, O Galilean! And thus single-handed Unto the combat, Gauntlet or Gospel, Here I defy thee!

(Longfellow.)

KING OLAF'S RETURN.

No. 3.—SOLO (Tenor).

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ship went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armour that he wore;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and morasses,
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack, And a hurried flight by sea; Of grim Vikings, and their rapture In the sea-fight, and the capture, And the life of slavery.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides,
And to Scilly's rocky shore;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great Name and rites baptismal,
In the ocean's rush and roar.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor!"
(Longfellow.)

No. 4.—RECIT. (Bass).

Tell how Olaf bore the Cross To the folk at Nidaros, Norland, Iceland, lands and seas Winning to the God of Peace.

THE CONVERSION.

No. 5.—SCENE (Tenor and Bass Soli and Chorus).

Chorus.

King Olaf's prows at Nidaros
Furrowed the golden shore,
His axemen and his bowmen
Lay round the shrine of Thor.

Round the stately fane at Mærin King Olaf's housecarles lay, And watch'd the men of Drontheim Gather at break of day.

Mail-clad they came, and sworded, Corslet and buckler ring As they throng behind the Ironbeard Who leads them to the King. The shipmen grave of Iceland Retir'd to give them room, Their ringèd mail was rusted And gray with salt sea spume.

All halted, all were silent,
When, shiv'ring through the blue,
Smiting the walls of Asgard,
King Olaf's bugle blew.

OLAF (Tenor).

Behold me, my people, and answer and say
If the gods of your fathers ye worship to-day?
Or bend ye your will to the word of your King,
To the waters of Christ and the Cross that I
bring?

IRONBEARD (Bass).

By my beard called of iron, O King, thou shalt know

In the name of thy people, I answer thee, "No."

Shall thy cross and thy waters purge out the gods' ban,
Who feed on the flesh and the life-blood of man?

OLAF.

Shall Thor and shall Odin be high gods agen? Then give to their altars their guerdon of men.

But shall blood of base losels and felons restore The glow to the altars of Odin and Thor?

Nay, a sacrifice rich to their shrines will I yield, My fairest in bower and best under shield.

My mightiest dies there, by sun and by moon, Ironbeard, and my fairest, his daughter Gudrun.

IRONBEARD.

Not the fair or the mighty, Gudrun or her sire, Shall pass by thy mandate, O King, through the fire.

See above in the sun gleams the image of gold, Of Thor with the battle-maul gripp'd in his hold;

If he seeks for a hero, his hest thou shalt do, Call the best of thine axemen and offer thereto.

OLAF.

O hearken, my people, behold me once more, And may Christ lift my axe 'gainst the hammer of Thor.

Chorus.

As leap the lights of winter
Athwart the northern sky,
Against the golden image
Flash'd Olaf's axe on high.

As falls a berg in springtime,
Far shiver'd on the floe,
The golden shards of godhead
Crash'd on the ground below.

Fierce Ironbeard sprang forward;
A housecarle drew his bow,
And o'er the shattered image
Its champion lay low.

IRONBEARD.

All-Father, I come! true to honour and troth, To the faith of my fathers, and Odin the Goth.

O wide should the doors of Valhalla unroll For a hero who gives for it body and soul.

King Olaf the Norseman! perchance it shall be, That thy Peace-God may rule o'er the Norlander free;

But with axe in his hand, and with sword upon thigh,

And his face to his slayer doth Ironbeard die.

Chorus.

Then o'er the blood-stained Horg-stone
The Cross of Christ was seen,
The holy priests were praying,
The singers sang between.

King Olaf's axe was lower'd, His bright blue eyes were dim, As swung the golden censer, As swelled the solemn hymn.

The men of Drontheim trembled, They marvell'd and they knelt; Their helpless god was broken, The power of Christ was felt.

OLAF.

O brothers of Iceland, behold them, they kneel! Of my Lord and His conquest, come, be you the seal.

Pass the gods of the Gothland; your serfdom shall cease,

For the sacrifice bloody I offer you peace:
The peace of the Christian; O, join in the

That swells to the Lord of the earth and the

Chorus.

Receive us, King; we kneel to Him Who felled by thee the War-god grim;

Water bring, our brows to lave, On our shields the Cross engrave;

Blood and battle let them cease, Knit us to the God of peace.

OLAF (with Chorus).

Lord, receive them! King divine, Breathe a blessing; they are Thine.

(Acworth.)

No. 6.—RECIT. (Bass).

Now the child of Ironbeard dead, Fair Gudrun, doth Olaf wed, Hoping thus, his wergild paying, To redeem him from the slaying.

GUDRUN.

No. 7.—SCENE (Soprano and Tenor Soli and Chorus).

Soprano.

On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour, When all evil things have power, In the glimmer of the moon Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast, Something in her hand is pressed; Like an icicle, its sheen Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes Where her murdered father lies, And a voice remote and drear She seems to hear.

Chorus.

What a bridal night is this!
Cold will be the dagger's kiss;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps To the couch where Olaf sleeps; Suddenly he wakes and stirs, His eyes meet hers.

OLAF (Tenor).

"What is that," [King Olaf said],
"Gleams so bright above thy head?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?"

Gudrun (Soprano).

"'Tis the bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor;
"Tis nothing more."

OLAF.

Forests have ears, and fields have eyes; Often treachery lurking lies Underneath the fairest hair! Gudrun, beware!"

[Chorus.

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle horn;
And for ever sundered ride
Bridegroom and bride!
(Longfellow.)

No. 8.—RECIT. (Bass).

How the Wraith of Odin old Song and tale and Saga told, Coming as unbidden guest To the hall, to Olaf's feast; Sing ye now, and with the strain Ancient memories wake again.

THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

No. 9.—CHORUS (BALLAD).

The guests were loud, the ale was strong, King Olaf feasted late and long; The hoary Scalds together sang; O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

(Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.)

The door swung wide, with creak and din;
A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
(Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.)

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale! Come warm thee with this cup of ale."
The foaming draught the old man quaffed, The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
(Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.)

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid; Sit here by me." The guest obeyed, And seated at the table, told Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

(Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.)

As one who from a volume reads, He spake of heroes and their deeds, Of lands and cities he had seen, And stormy gulfs that tossed between. (Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.)

Then from his lips the music rolled The Havamal of Odin old, With sounds mysterious as the roar Of billows on a distant shore.

Then slept the King, and when he woke The guest was gone, the morning broke. (Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.)

They found the doors securely barred,
They found the watch-dog in the yard,
There was no foot-print in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass.
(Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.)

King Olaf crossed himself and said:
"I know that Odin the Great is dead:
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his Wraith!"
(Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.)
(Longfellow.)

No. 10.—RECIT. (Bass).

Sisters, sing us now the song How since Olaf came a-wooing, Sigrid wrought for his undoing, Of the insult and the wrong.

SIGRID.

No. 11.—SCENE (Soprano and Tenor Soli and Chorus of Maidens).

Chorus.

Sigrid sits in her high abode,
The haughty Queen of Svithiod,
And to the West looks she
For Norroway's King whose suit is told
By the ring from Lade's temple old,
Which lies upon her knee.

Lady, lady, lances gleam On the farther side of the border stream; Lady, the horses ford the flood, They cross the meadow, and pass the wood, You may hear the iron hoof-stroke beat On the ringing stones of the village street; Rank on rank came spearmen tall, But the crest of Olaf is o'er them all, And the peace strings bind his sword;

And the peace strings bind his sword; See, he alights, he mounts the stair, The Norroway King with the golden hair, Queen Sigrid, greet thy lord.

OLAF (Tenor).

Sigrid, hail! with royal hand Knit to thee Norroway's King and land, And the ring of Ladè upon thy knee We will change to a cross for thee and me.

Sigrid (Soprano).

Olaf, hail! my hand is thine, But the gods of old I will not resign; Bow thou to thy Cross for woe or weal, But where I have knelt, I still must kneel.

OLAF.

Queen of Svithiod! hearken well, Thy gods are mute on fiord and fell, Nor ever shall their voice again Be heard where Christ hath ris'n to reign.

SIGRID.

I hear them speak! from pole to pole The Norland gods their thunder roll; For Norland folk their sword—the rod For slaves who own the Southland god.

OLAF.

I will give my body and soul to flame Ere I take to my heart a heathen dame; Thou hast not beauty, thou hast not youth, Shall I buy thy land at the cost of truth?

Chorus.

King Olaf rises; sisters, say
Why does he thrust the Queen away,
Why dash his glove on the oaken floor,
And turn and stride towards the door?
The gods protect the wrong'd and weak!
The glove has struck Queen Sigrid's cheek,
See the flash of her haughty eye,
See her stately form drawn high!
Haste thee, O haste, King Olaf, fly.

SIGRID.

Thou art gone! nay, spur not through the gate;

I am one that can watch and wait;

By yonder glove on the oaken floor, By my father's head and the soul of Thor, By the hand she offered, Sigrid saith, That Sigrid yet shall be Olaf's death. (Acworth.)

No. 12.—RECIT. (Bass).

Hark! she flies from Wendland forth, Slighted Thyri, to the North: There, as Olaf's wedded dame, Will she set the North aflame!

THYRI.

No. 13.—CHORUS (BALLAD).

A little bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard
And repeated again and again.
(Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.)

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she:
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away,
From his town by the stormy sea,
(Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.)

They say, that through heat and through cold,

Through weald, they say, and through wold,
By day and by night, they say,
She has fled: and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.

(Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.)

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful Queen;
And they wonder how it will end;
For surely, if here she remain.
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
And King Burislaf the Vend!
(Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.)

O, greatest wonder of all!
It is published in hamlet and hall.
It roars like a flame that is fanned
The King—yes, Olaf the King—

Has wedded her with his ring,
And Thyri is Queen in the land!
(Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.)
(Longfellow.)

No. 14.—DUET (Soprano and Tenor).

THYRI.

The gray land breaks to lively green, Bespangled all with flowers; The throstles sing to greet the spring Through lengthening sunlit hours.

But what care I for flowers on sward, Or bursting buds on tree? My lands restored from Wendland's lord Were better cheer to me.

A landless, dowerless bride am I,
The bride of Norroway's King,
What boots me, while I sit and sigh,
The coming of the spring?

OLAF.

Thyri, my belovèd,
Hither come I bearing
Angelicas uprooted,
Sweet and fair as thou.
Earliest boon of springtime,
Sign of snow departing,
In their welcome fragrance,
Bathe thy snowy brow.

THYRI.

Sweet are thy words, but O! meseems,
A sweeter gift would be,
The boon that haunts Queen Thyri's
dreams,
Her dowry over sea.
Wide spread they from the Wendland shore,
And rich with fruit and flower,
The lands I weep for evermore,
O! give me back my dower.

OLAF.

Fear not, doubt not, weep not,
As a Queen triumphant,
Towards the happy sunlight
Lift thy radiant eyes;
To the strife of favours,
For thy love I gird me,
And the lands of Thyri
Shall I win for prize.

Вотн.

Comes the spring unchaining,
Sunshine on his pinions,
All the world imprisoned
In the Ice-King's hall;
So the golden promise
Passed from lord to lady,
Warm with words of loving,
Lifts the heart from thrall.
(Acworth.)

No. 15.—CHORAL RECIT.

After Queen Gunhild's death, So the old Saga saith, Plighted King Svend his faith, To Sigrid the Haughty.

Still on her scornful face, Blushing with deep disgrace, Bore she the crimson trace Of Olaf's gauntlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,
"For thine own honour's sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On this vile coward!"

And to avenge his bride, Soothing her wounded pride, Over the waters wide King Olaf sought he.

(Longfellow.)

THE DEATH OF OLAF.

No. 16.—CHORUS.

King Olaf's dragons take the sea,
The piping south-wind drives them fast,
The shields dip deep upon the lee,
The white sails strain on every mast.
Leaping from wave to wave they round
The cape that bars the stormy sound,
And where the ocean opens wide
They see far stretched on either side
The Danish ships and Svithiod's ride;
High on his deck King Olaf stands,
The war-axe grasp'd in both his hands,
With helm of gold and jerkin red,
And fair curls blowing round his head,
First of his fleet, he leads the van
And seeks the battle, man to man.

But seaward, landward, cape and bay Cast forth their foes on Norroway; Ten thousand shaven oar-blades sweep The bosom of the troubled deep; As crash the prows, ring bill and shield, And arm meets arm that will not yield; Still where the foemen thickest throng King Olaf's galley sweeps along, And still her lofty sides to scale Ply the fierce foemen oar and sail, And pour their heroes bright in mail, Woe, woe for Norroway!

O'erwhelmed, her stout sea-dragons fly, Or, scatter'd, powerless, scarcely try
To join once more the fray:

Yet still, like sunbeam through a cloud, Glimmers the helm of Olaf proud,
Faint and more faint to see:
Around it close the dark'ning spears,
It sinks, it sparkles, disappears,
King Olaf, woe to thee!

Thy latest fight is fought in vain,

No more the axe of Olaf slain,

No more the glittering crest,

Shall victory pluck from ruin's verge,

Or to the chase his spearmen urge;

Above him rolls the sullen surge,

That stormy heart has rest.

(Acworth.)

EPILOGUE.

SOLI AND CHORUS.

Bass Recit.

In the convent of Drontheim Knelt Astrid, the Abbess, At midnight, adoring. She heard in the silence The voice of one speaking Without in the darkness, Now louder, now nearer, Now lost in the distance.

Soli and Chorus.

"It is accepted, The angry defiance, The challenge of battle! It is accepted, But not with the weapons Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

Chorus (unaccompanied).

- "As torrents in summer,
 Half-dried in their channels,
 Suddenly rise, though the
 Sky is still cloudless,
 For rain has been falling
 Far off at their fountains;
- "So hearts that are fainting Grow full to o'erflowing, And they that behold it Marvel, and know not That God at their fountains Far off has been raining!

Soli and Chorus.

- "Stronger than steel
 Is the sword of the Spirit;
 Swifter than arrows
 The light of the truth is,
 Greater than anger
 Is love, and subdueth!
- "The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless, Love is eternal! God is still God, and His faith shall not fail us; Christ is eternal!"

A strain of music ends the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,
Makes the long Saga more complete.

(Longfellow.)

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Note.—In the following Scenes it is intended that the performers should be looked upon as a gathering of skalds (bards); all, in turn, take part in the narration of the Saga and occasionally, at the more dramatic points, personify for the moment some important character.

The names of persons and places should be pronounced generally as in German.

SYNOPSIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE bards name and describe the book in which is written the story they are about to relate.

One of their number, who is evidently recognised to be the chief bard or master of the ceremonies, calls upon the members of the company to constitute themselves as representing Thor, the God of thunder, and to repeat his challenge.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

The whole assembly, in response to its chief, is here supposed to represent Thor, who arrogates to himself supremacy in the world, and hurling out defiance to the Christian religion, issues a challenge to Christ its prototype.

KING OLAF'S RETURN.

Another of the bards comes forward and relates how the fugitive Olaf hears and accepts the challenge, and after recounting the youthful Olaf's wanderings and adventures previous to that time, tells of his return home to Norway as King, and of his resolve to establish Christianity in the kingdom.

Their chief here directs the Skalds to tell how Olaf accomplished his mission.

THE CONVERSION.

In this scene, the minstrels describe the gathering of Olaf's subjects at the temple of their deity; headed by Ironbeard, they meet the king and his bodyguard of axemen and bowmen. King Olaf, in the person of the tenor bard, offers the religion of Christ to the people, and Ironbeard—which character is for the nonce assumed by the chief bard—in the name of the people refuses it; whereupon the king, goaded to the act by the defiant words and attitude of Ironbeard, takes up his war-axe and shatters the image of Thor. In attempting to avert the destruction of the idol, Ironbeard is mortally wounded, but, defiant to the last, the grim old warrior declares himself staunch to the faith of his fathers. With dying breath he commends his soul to Odin (the chief god of the Norse religion), and claiming entrance into Walhalla, the eternal paradise of heroes slain in battle, expires.

the eternal paradise of heroes slain in battle, expires.

The people are so much impressed by the manifestation of Thor's impotence and the death of his champion, that they elect to embrace the new faith, the peace of which, and its completed sacrifice, the king offers them as an alternative to the ever-recurring sacrifices of blood demanded by the tenets of their religion. Meekly surrendering themselves to the newly-revealed power, in solemn unity they bow before their king, who, with thrilling intensity, invokes upon his kneeling subjects the blessing of the King divine.

The master bard himself tells how, as a blood-atonement, Olaf weds Gudrun, the daughter of Ironbeard.

GUDRUN.

The company of Skalds describes how Gudrun, intent on avenging her father's death, steals, on the bridal night, with dagger in hand, to where Olaf sleeps; but Olaf wakes and thwarts her design, and ere the dawn of morn rids himself of the treacherous bride.

The chief minstrel now commands his men to sing of the coming, as an unbidden guest to Olaf's feast, of the spirit of Odin.

THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

In the words of a stirring ballad, the assembled bards sing of the strange guest who entertained the company far into the night with his wonderful stories. How the king slept, but woke to find the guest gone; how Olaf, finding no trace of the departure of the stranger, pronounced him to have been the spirit of Odin, and interpreted the visitation to signify the downfall of Odin the Great, and the effectual triumph of the Christian faith.

The chief bard invites the maidens of the company to sing the story of the wooing of Queen Sigrid by King Olaf, of the insult she suffered at his hands, and of her vow to accomplish his death.

SIGRID.

The minstrel maids sing of the Queen of Svithiod awaiting the coming of King Olaf, with the ring, taken by Olaf from Ladè's temple, on her knee. - The two characters are again represented by bards.

SYNOPSIS (continued).

Olaf arrives, greets the queen, and offers her himself, his land, and his religion.

Sigrid returns the greeting, but will only consent to become his, on condition he swears his love, as Odin once swore it, on the ring. He refuses the condition, and Sigrid, not heeding his appeal, expresses her contempt of "the Southland God," and protests her constancy to the "Norland Gods." At this King Olaf's anger rises, and he strikes her cheek with his gauntlet. King Olaf is warned to fly, and the scene closes with the queen vowing vengeance on the retreating figure.

Attention is commanded by the principal bard for the recital of the story of Thyri-the slighted choice of the Wendland King—and her flight to the North.

In a charming ballad, the minstrels sing of Thyri, the sister of Svend, the Danish king, fleeing away from King Burislaf of Wendland, to whom she had been betrothed for the short space of eight days. She comes to King Olaf's court, and Olaf eventually marries her.

After the ballad, two singers advance to represent King Olaf and the beautiful Thyri, his wife. Thyri laments the loss of her lands, which King Burislaf has possession of, and deplores her dowerless condition. Olaf, fresh from the delights of a fair morning in early spring, comes before her with a love offering of Angelicas, but with such thoughts rankling in her mind, award smalling herb holds no abarm for Thyri. Her most leads her to tourt Olaf into the sweet smelling herb holds no charm for Thyri. Her mood leads her to taunt Olaf into consenting to rescue her domains from King Burislaf, upon which, having effected her purpose, she once more smiles on her lord.

The bards join in reciting how Queen Sigrid becomes the bride of King Svend, the Dane—a union which portends evil for King Olaf—and relate how she cajoles the Danish king into setting forth to wreak vengeance on Olaf.

THE DEATH OF OLAF.

Full chorus of Skalds, in which are described the putting to sea of Olaf's warships to meet those of the Danes, and the contact of the opposing forces. Vividly portrayed are the deadly combat and the defeat of Olaf, who, ever foremost in the fray, is surrounded and outnumbered, and so perishes in the flood.

EPILOGUE.

The bard-chief finally pictures Astrid, the mother of Olaf, in the convent of Drontheim, kneeling at midnight, and listening to the voice of one speaking in the darkness without.

The voice which Astrid heard, purports to be that of Saint John taking up the challenge in

response to the entreaty of the departed spirit of Olaf.

The saga-men, echoing the words of the saint, signify the ultimate acceptance of the challenge of Thor, and the continuance of Olaf's mission, but this time, in the true Christian spirit of love, and by the power of the Great Spirit Divine, which comes "not as a vulture, but as a dove."

A. S. Burrows.

The Recitatives serve to prompt the narration of the Story; so, to emphasise their function and significance, the portions representing them in the above synopsis are printed in Italics.

(From a Concert Programme of the Sheffield Musical Union.)

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SCENES FROM THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

INTRODUCTION.

















8247.

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.





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8247.









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KING OLAF'S RETURN.





















No. 4. RECIT. (BASS).—* TELL HOW OLAF BORE THE CROSS."



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GUDRUN.























THE WRAITH OF ODIN.





































SIGRID.





























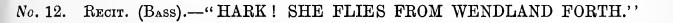






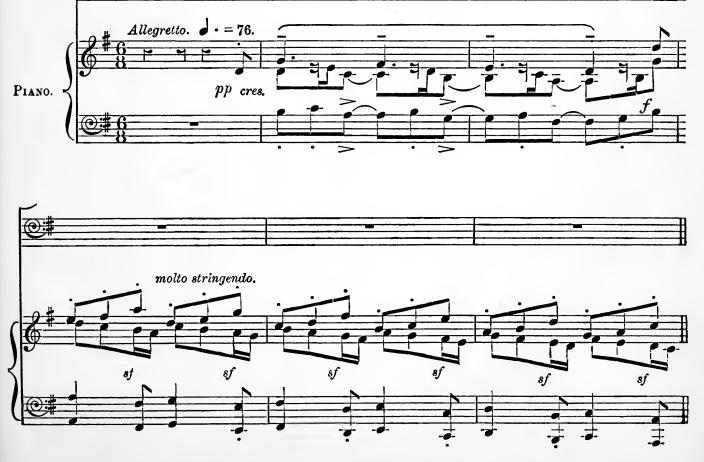






Allegretto.

Voice.





THYRI.



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Ne. 14. Duet (Soprano and Tenor).—"THE GRAY LAND BREAKS TO LIVELY GREEN."



































THE DEATH OF OLAF.





































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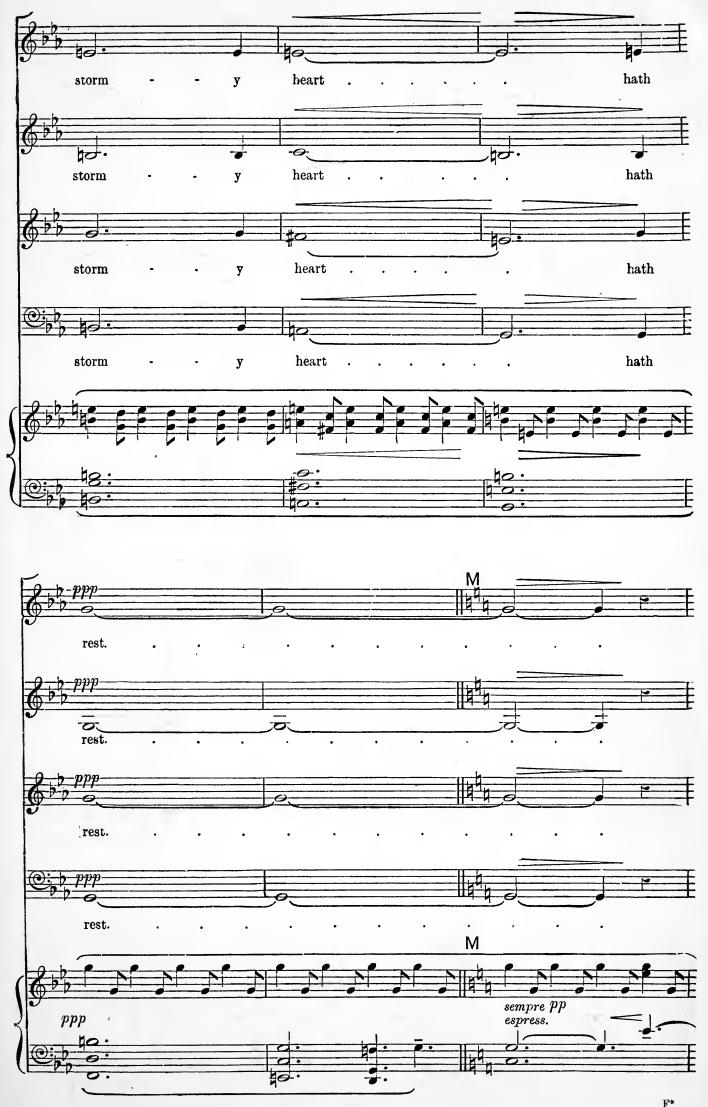














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Soli and Chorus.—"IN THE CONVENT OF DRONTHEIM."

















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OD GOETH UP WITH SHOUTING.
OD SO LOVED THE WORLD.
GOD'S TIME IS THE BEST.
HOW BRIGHTLY SHINES YON STAR THOU BUT SUFFEREST GOD TO UIDE THEE. GUIDE

JESU, PRICELESS TREASURE

(MOTET). ESUS, NOW WILL WE PRAISE THEE. ESUS SLEEPS, WHAT HOPE ESUS SLEEPS, REMAINETH. OF REJOICING BE

ET SONGS RAISED.

RAISED.
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O LIGHT EVERLASTING.
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NUMBER PRAISE OUR GOD WHO REIGNS IN

HEAVEN.
RAISE THOU THE LORD, JERU-SALEM.

SALEM.
SING YE TO THE LORD (MOTET).
SLEEPERS, AWAKE.
SAGES OF SHEBA, THE
SPIRIT ALSO HELPETH US, THE

(MOTET) TRONGHOLD SURE

STRONGHOLD SURE, A
THERE IS NAUGHT OF SOUNDNESS
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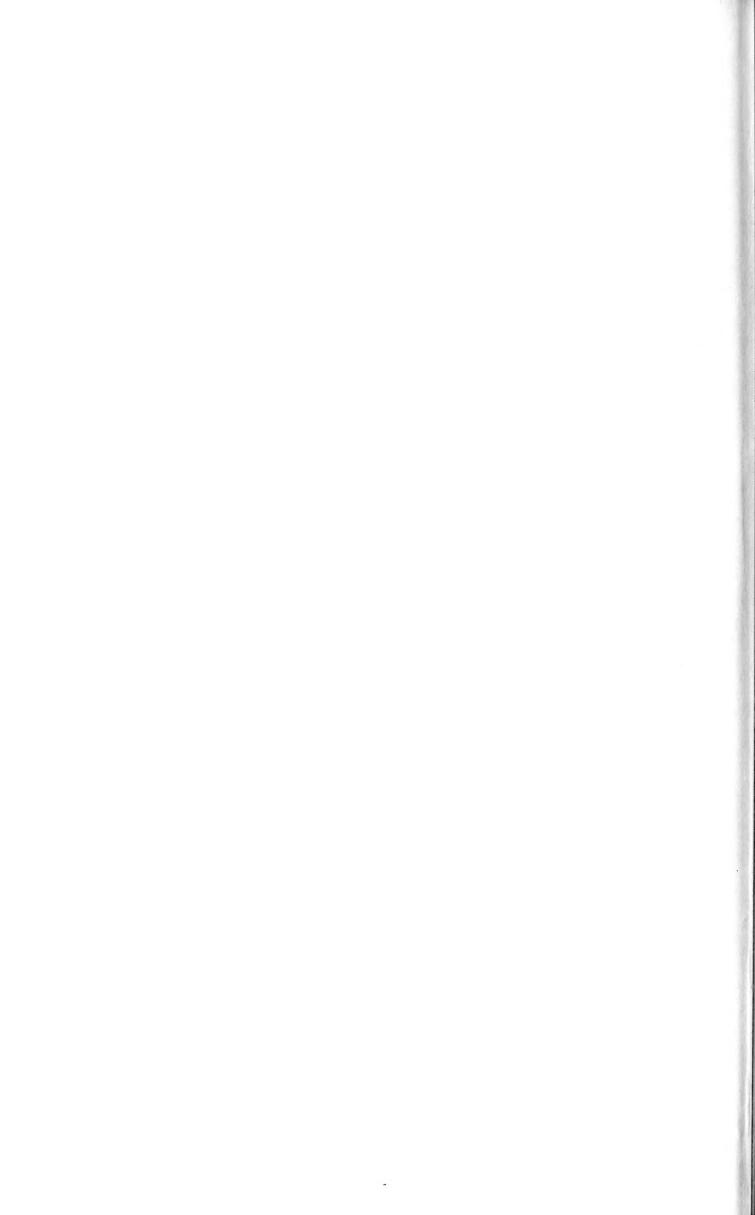
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